

you might as well die fighting as have to fight."

"Are you cowards?" cried some of these women who went to the mass-meetings to-day. "We have no food. Your children are starving. Will you see us all die before your eyes?"

And some of the women, more fully, used arguments, not threats. "Get those fellows out of the mine and Allison," they said. "Get out every man who can use a pick or shovel, and you're bound to win. When there's no coal to be shipped, you're sure to lose."

Mass Meetings Held.
Preparation for this march on Monrovia all the miners of the Hillers and Toms Run districts had mass meetings to-day. Men gathered in the Slope and Bridgeville, Essen Nos. 1 and 2, and Steen's mines, met at Bridgeville. Cecil was the scene of a meeting of Laurel Hill Nos. 2 and Creedmoor and Bishop mines.

Diggers employed in the Standard and Ellsworth mines, in Mills Run, also held a meeting. Signal Given to Start. Special committees hurried from meeting to another, discussing carrying suggestions. Finally it was decided to meet at Bridgeville, and the Toms Run and Cecil men got the signal to start for Bridgeville at 11:30 o'clock to-night.

From Bridgeville the army will march in three divisions, one from each sub-district represented. The leaders have calculated that it will take four hours to cover the dozen miles to Monrovia.

Carryons in Sight.
At 3 o'clock in the morning they expect to arrive at the Boone and Allison just as the 6 o'clock whistle calls the miners to their work.

None of the strikers openly displayed deadly weapons. The captains of the companies and some in the ranks carried stout sticks, but they were empty handed. As the marching band marched toward Bridgeville to-night the musicians played "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Despite the secrecy of their preparations, the coming of the strikers was known at the Boone and Allison. The deputies are determined as the strikers; the mine owners declare they and their men will resist force to the last ditch. So the worst is feared.

That whistle in the morning may precipitate a conflict that, spreading, may assume the horrid aspect of a civil war.

The special meeting of the National Executive Board of the United Mine Workers meets to-morrow in Columbus. So many requests to operate mines at the 60-cent rate have been received that some official declaration is now necessary. Other matters of importance will be discussed.

Up to the hour of the meetings of the Toms Run and Cecil Mines for prospect for a peaceful adjustment were very bright.

MERCHANTS ARE AROUSED.
The Chamber of Commerce will discuss the strike at a special meeting.

July 13.—The intense desire of the great business interest community to avert, through the use of the uniformity of the coal supply, the awful consequences of an interruption of the strike, is evidenced in a call for a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, which President Jackson has prepared and will send tomorrow.

Members will be apprised of the situation and of the spirit of the miners' strike is to a costly and deadly climax. The strike will be asked to formally appeal to the owners to settle the strike at once by an acceptance of the contract. Because the Chamber will be strongly urged to its personal influence to arouse public opinion against the derelict.

Prospects for a peaceful adjudication of the strike now rests with the mine owners. It is theirs to accept or reject, to declare for peace or insist upon war, and therefore the deepest interest is manifested in the late meeting of operators which the peace commissioners are holding unrelentingly to have assemble before Wednesday.

Meanwhile every force of public opinion and patriotism will be organized and focused upon those who still stand in the way of peace. Those operators who remain on the outskirts of this movement will decline any participation in it upon grounds of a professed doubt of President De Armit's sincerity. Will, if the mine owners' officials go through with the strike, will be the object of the indifference and antagonism of the public.

Clinton, Mass., July 18.—Hurry Howard, twenty-two years of age, was drowned in the Nashua River at Still River, N.H., last night, while bathing. His body was recovered this morning. Howard is said to have relatives in Worcester.



ELLEN PECK alias MARY HANSEN

onle has been that this uniformity contract was combined with the Journal's plan of arbitration by President De Armit's merely to allow the New York and Cleveland company to gain time and to keep his men quiet under the impression that uniformity will soon become a fact and that it will be only a short time before they get the same price as that paid at other mines.

RATCHFORD IS SATISFIED.
He Declares That 20,000 Miners Will Join the Strikers' Ranks This Week.

Columbus, Ohio, July 18.—President Ratchford to-day summed up the strike situation as follows:
"The manner in which the miners are conducting themselves commends itself to the country and gives their officers renewed encouragement and strengthens the belief that victory ultimately will crown their efforts. Deputy marshals, Coal and Iron Police and secret detectives have been at work, but their presence has failed to incite the miners to acts of lawlessness or even to a resumption of work."

"Reports from some of the cities to the effect that the coal supply is not short are only intended to discourage the miners. If the coal supply is not short why are prices advancing? Why are the shops and factories whose wheels are put in motion by the labor of the miner working still? Coal is scarce, and those who have it to sell get fancy prices."

CHAPMAN FIGHTS IO MEN.
They Had Insulted Tenderloin Girls and He Lost the Head of His Umbrella in the Battle.

Only a few prisoners had been brought in during the evening and everything about the West Third Street Station house bore air of monotony when shortly before midnight Captain Chapman walked in.

"Go to Thirty-first street and Sixth avenue and get the head," he said, turning toward Detective Walters.

The reporters, who had been hoping for something to turn up, looked around as they heard the order given. A look at the Car of the Tenderloin explained his command. The head he had referred to was the head of his umbrella. In explaining to the reporters how he had lost it, he proved to them that he was a very much abused man. Instead of hounding women he had been championing the cause of two Tenderloins.

The women had passed the corner where the loss occurred, when they were insulted, according to Chapman, by eight or ten men who were loitering there. He lost his umbrella in the scuffle which followed between himself and the ruffians.

"The head" was lost. At 1:30 o'clock Detective Walters was still looking for it. In the meanwhile reporters were trying to verify his story of his desperate battle with "eight or ten men," but no one could give any information regarding it.

STOLE HIS WAY OUT.
Fury Robbed His Cellmate, Said He Had Found the Money, and Was Set at Liberty by the Judge.

Wilmington, Del., July 18.—Thomas Fury, a prisoner in the city prison, yesterday stole \$80 from a cellmate and told the turnkey, Hammerer, that he found it.

Judge Ball, in the Municipal Court, commended Fury for his supposed honesty in delivering the money up and gave him his freedom as a recognition of it. Ten minutes after he released him the Judge learned that Fury had stolen the money while his cellmate was asleep. Judge Ball has offered a reward for Fury's capture.

MAY BE A DUEL YET.
Prince Henri Declines Pini's Challenge, but Will Fight Some One of His Own Rank.

PERILS OF BATHERS.
Little Boy Drowned and His Would-Be Rescuer's Life Endangered.



ELLEN PECK alias MARY HANSEN

HER DUPE DIED OF GRIEF.
Continued from First Page.

was gently insinuating. It was a face which riveted attention by its features and bore conviction by its suggestion of saintliness. With the Simpsons lived a professional nurse, Miss Shea, who was an acquaintance of Dr. Lott, and who was enthralled by the lovely character of the fascinating old lady.

Miss Shea had outlined to Dr. Lott the story of Mrs. Hansen's life as it had been told her by Mrs. Hansen herself and her devoted daughter and son-in-law. The succeeding chapters Dr. Lott took part in himself. The story opened with the Admiral at sea, where he steadfastly remained. The Admiral's wealth had, since Miss Shea first knew the Simpsons, been a constant topic in their household. Their estimate of it ranged from \$200,000 to \$850,000. Stranger still it had been deposited years ago in the United States Treasury for safe keeping, and now that the Admiral would like to recover it, it was so encompassed by red tape that an insufferable delay had been occasioned.

Of course, this is merely the outline of the story as it reached Mrs. Lott through her husband. All of its convincing and alluring details were lost with the death of Dr. Lott, to whom it had been told in its fulness. At any rate, Mrs. Hansen's references to the financial embarrassment which both she and Mr. Simpson had sustained as a result of their efforts to induce Secretary Carlisle and Assistant Treasurer Conrad N. Jordan, of New York, to release the Government's hold upon the millions of the Danish monarch over Miss Shea, their nurse, so completely that she bent Mrs. Hansen \$800, all that she could raise. In return Mrs. Hansen expressed her devotion for Miss Shea and rewarded her with glowing promises of substantial recognition when the millions were finally released.

Some Gilt-Edged Promises.
It was when Miss Shea's purse had been exhausted that Dr. Lott, the family physician, was called upon to help save the Hansen millions from the rapacity of the United States Treasury. He had held out to him the promise of more than the mere payment of the notes. There was the carefully proffered offer of a large bonus as well as beautiful presents for Mrs. Lott. The Doctor made the first loan, a small one, without a thought of loss. It was only \$500, and he took it as a small advance on the millions. He was not to be disappointed. Instead of a gradual process that Dr. Lott was induced to surrender the first thousand dollars. After that he was more bold in his demands and amount in light as a thousand dollars borrowed on three separate occasions. Dr. Lott, like the gambler who who had lost his money, kept getting deeper and deeper into the hole. He was playing a game in which the United States Treasury was the bank, and uncertain reward was held before him.

When he began to suspect that the story of the Hansen millions had been overdrawn, he was reminded that Simpson was a member of the wealthy Simpson family. New York papers were requested to publish notes he held would certainly be made good. Telegrams purporting to be from Secretary Carlisle and Assistant Treasurer Conrad N. Jordan, were sent to him by Mrs. Hansen as additional assurances. They told of an early settlement of her account and the release of her husband's millions. And Dr. Lott was reassured.

"After I had looked into this matter for Mrs. Lott," said the Rev. Clifford Nelson, pastor of the Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, yesterday, "I saw that it was a plain swindle and wished, quite naturally, to bring it to justice. My only conference with the police and the District-Attorney's office were to that end."

Grand Jury Hears of It.
"The case was presented to the Grand Jury in June by one of District-Attorney Backus's assistants, Mr. Colwell. Mr. Colwell called a young man and appeared to take very little interest in the case. Although all the evidence was presented in written form by Mr. Swanson and United States District-Attorney Backus, in whose family Miss Shea had served, and despite the fact that Assistant Treasurer Jordan had called to say that the millions were a lie from beginning to end, Mr. Colwell coolly stated to us that he had advised the Grand Jury that there was not sufficient evidence to find true bills."

"This was strange conduct on the part of the District-Attorney's assistant, but Mr. Colwell acted stranger still. The Grand Jury, despite his advice, returned indictments against Mrs. Hansen and against Simpson and his wife. When Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were arrested by the police upon the request of the District-Attorney, Colwell exclaimed: 'Good heavens! You haven't arrested them, have you? The indictment has not yet been presented to the court.' It then became necessary to discharge Simpson and his wife, have the indictment properly presented and rearrest them. In the meantime Mrs. Hansen

had been stolen in 1882 from a house in West New Brighton.
Mrs. Hansen had the impudence to go to Mr. Byrnes and offer to track the dark-complexioned man, whom the detectives soon recognized as Julius Columbian, an ex-convict who had been in the State Prison at Sing Sing, N. Y., for a long time. When they next met Mrs. Byrnes and Columbian got on a Sixth Avenue car. Columbian showed her a stiletto and a pistol.

"Do you see this pistol and this knife?" he said. "I have been in the State Prison and I'd like to see you go there again. If I don't see you here in five days, I will kill you, for I know that they would kill me if they got me back there. If you're putting up a job you and I get nabbed, I will kill you anyway."

Woman Was His Equal.
The woman did not flinch, and told him that all she wanted was the bonds at a bargain. Columbian took her to Murphy's saloon on Sixth Avenue, and they went upstairs to a room. Then Columbian asked Mrs. Peck if she had the diamonds with her. She replied that she had, and then the man old her that he had only one of the bonds with him. As he said this he menacingly took out his revolver and laid it on the table beside him.

"Le here, sir," said the woman, angrily, "I implied threat, and exposing in the folds of her gown a revolver also. 'I also am armed, and am not the woman to be frightened at your big words and your wiles and revolvers. I have come here to do business with you. Let me see the bonds.'"

He was preparing to deliver them when the bartender, who had noticed the police detectives on the outside of the store, said: "Skip, Juli, a cop's onto you." Columbian fled, but threw away the bonds as he ran. The intelligent policeman picked up the bonds and let the man go, but Columbian was arrested a day or two afterward.

He was interested to know the name of the woman who had tricked him.
"A great deal," said Byrnes. "She has put through jobs that you could never dream about. She's the smartest woman in the country."

for an opportunity to escape, which she did not fail to improve.
Assistant District-Attorney Miles, speaking for his office, said yesterday:
"Yes, the woman was undoubtedly Ellen Peck. Chief of Detectives Reynolds has had her identified by Mrs. Lott and those who knew her as Mrs. Hansen through means of photographs. She was last heard from in Plainfield, N. J. The police of Brooklyn, New York, Jersey City, Philadelphia and Chicago are looking for her, and she will surely be caught. She is too well known to escape us. We would have had her long ago if the Rev. Mr. Nelson had not meddled in the case. He insisted that the police should arrest Simpson and his wife, and that gave the one whom we really wanted, Mrs. Peck, a chance to escape. She is a woman of great energy and she is expected of him, and the preacher's strictures upon him and upon the District-Attorney's office are too ridiculous to seriously consider."

Chief of Detectives Reynolds declined to discuss the case at all. He said he was weary of stolen goods and wanted to get on with his work. He said he had seen Mrs. Peck, and appeared to have experienced already considerable trouble over the matter.

William Simpson, the New York pawnbroker, denies any knowledge of Mrs. Peck's son-in-law, and denies that he went away with her. He is a disreputable man, and his relationship to him, Mrs. Lott declines, also, to talk about her husband's losses, leaving the Rev. Mr. Nelson to speak for her.

"The Confidence Queen."
The pseudo-widow of a Danish Admiral, this Ellen Peck, has the distinguished honor of being known as "The Confidence Queen." Ex-Superintendent Byrnes paid her the compliment of devoting to her half a dozen pages of his book on notorious criminals. Byrnes knew her worth, her value as a woman, and he was not a man to be easily deceived. He was a brave, brave, brave man, and he was not a man to be easily deceived.

Mrs. Peck's picture adorns the Rogues' Gallery. In it she wears mourning and looks like an old-fashioned widow, entirely respectable. Besides Dr. Lott, this old-fashioned widow, always looking eminently respectable, has swindled millions of dollars from the pockets of the rich and the poor. She is a dishonest but less clever than herself. Only once has she arrived in jail—a convicted felon. That was in 1885, when she had stolen \$100,000 of gold from the Mutual Life Insurance Company of this city. In trying to swindle the Mutual Life Mrs. Peck did not show her usual acuteness. The company was not taken in. She was known to be a dishonest clerk stole \$200,000 worth of bonds from Mr. Babbitt in 1878. Mrs. Peck made the old pawnbroker believe she was a private detective. All she wanted was her expenses. She would surely recover the stolen bonds and arrest the thief. The credulous Mr. Babbitt paid her her expenses and kept on paying her expenses until she had stolen \$100,000 of gold from the Mutual Life Insurance Company of this city. In trying to swindle the Mutual Life Mrs. Peck did not show her usual acuteness.

If you will just be patient and spend a little more time, you will surely get back your bonds and catch the thief."
But Mr. Babbitt was impatient, and would draw no more checks. Once in a while Mrs. Peck seemed to enjoy swindling swindlers. There was one John D. Grady, a gold digger, who was known to her. He was in their lingo as "Supers and Slangs." Grady conducted a brokerage and loan business of which the loan said Mrs. Peck was rich. He was a man of no more checks. Once in a while Mrs. Peck seemed to enjoy swindling swindlers. There was one John D. Grady, a gold digger, who was known to her. He was in their lingo as "Supers and Slangs." Grady conducted a brokerage and loan business of which the loan said Mrs. Peck was rich. He was a man of no more checks. Once in a while Mrs. Peck seemed to enjoy swindling swindlers. There was one John D. Grady, a gold digger, who was known to her. He was in their lingo as "Supers and Slangs." Grady conducted a brokerage and loan business of which the loan said Mrs. Peck was rich. He was a man of no more checks. 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